

A W O M A N

K I L D E

with Kindnesse.

*As it hath beene oftentimes Acted by
the Quenes Maieſt. Seruants.*

Written by T H O. H E Y W O O D.

The third Edition.



L O N D O N,
Printed by Isaac Iaggard, 1617.

W O M A N

K I D S

with a }
child



The Prologue,

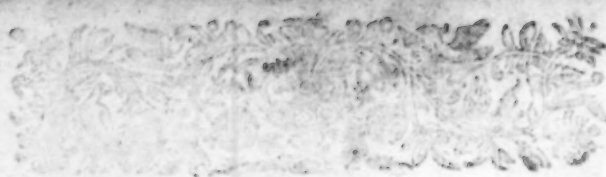


*Come but as a Harbinger, being sent
To tell you what these preparations meane:
Looke for no glorious State, our Muse is bent
Vpon a barren subiect, a bare Scene.*

*We could afford this twig a Timber tree,
Whose strength might boldly on your fauours build;
Our Russet, Tiffew; Drone, a Hony-Bee;
Our barren plot, a large and spacious field;
Our courtesare, Banquets; Our thin water, wine;
Our Brooke, a Sea; Our Rats eyes, Eagles sight;
Our Poets du'l and earthy Muse, Diuine;
Our Rauens, Dones; Our Crowes blacke Feathers, white.
But gent e thoughts when they may giue the soyle,
Sane them that yeeld, and spare where they may spoyle.*

A 2





The Prologue

It is a pleasure to have you here, and I hope you will find this book as interesting as I have found it. The story is a true one, and I have tried to tell it as simply and clearly as possible. I have not tried to make it a novel, but I have tried to make it a book that will be read with interest and pleasure. I have not tried to make it a book that will be read with interest and pleasure. I have not tried to make it a book that will be read with interest and pleasure.





*Enter M. John Frankford, Mistris Anne, Sir Francis Alton,
Sir Charles Mountford, Master Malby, Master
Wendoll, and M. Cramwel.*

Francis. Some Musicke there : none leade the Bride a
dance ?

Charles. Yes, would she dance the shaking of the sheets :
But that's the dance her Husband meanes to leade her.

Wend. That's not the dance that euery man must dance,
according to the Ballet.

Fran. Musicke ho :

By your leaue Sister, by your Husbands leaue
I should haue said : the hand that but this day
Was giuen you in the church, I'll borrow : Sound,
This marriage Musicke hoists me from the ground.

Frank. I, you may caper, you are light, and free,
Mariage hath yoak'd my heeles, pray pardon me.

Francis. Ile haue you dance too, Brother.

Charles. Master Frankford,

Y'are a happy man Sir; and much ioy
Succeede your marriage mirth : you haue a wife
So qualified, and with such ornaments
Both of the minde and body. First, her birth
Is Noble, and her education such
As might become the daughter of a Prince :
Her own tongue speaks all Tongues, and her owne hand
Can teach all strings to speake in their best grace,
From the shrillst Treble, to the hoarsest Base.
To end her many praises in one word,

A Woman

Shee's Beauty and Perfections eldest daughter,
Only found by yours, though many a hart hath sought hir
Frank. But that I know your vertues & chaste thoughts,
I should be iealous of your praise Sir *Charles.*

Cran. He speakes no more then you approue.

Malby. Nor flatters he that giues to her her due.

Anne. I would your praise could find a fitter theame
Then my imperfect beauty to speake on;
Such as they be, if they my husband please,
They suffice me now I am married:
His sweet content is like a flart'ring glasse,
To make my face seeme fairer to mine eye:
But the least wrinkle from his stormy brow,
Will blast the Roses in my cheekes that grow.

Francis. A perfect wife already, meeke and patient;
How strangely the word Husband fits your mouth:
Not married three houres since Sister, 'tis good;
You that begin betimes thus, must needs proue
Pliant and dutious in your Husbands loue;
Gramercies brother, wrought her too't already:
Sweete Husband, and a curt'sie the first day:
Marke this, marke this, you that are Barchellers,
And neuer tooke the grace of honest man,
Marke this against you marry this one phrase:
In a good time that man both wins and wooes,
That takes his wife downe in her wedding shooes.

Frank. Your sister takes not after you Sir *Francis,*
All his wilde blood your Father spent on you:
He got her in his age, when he grew ciuill;
All his mad trickes were to his land intail'd,
And you are heyre to all: your Sister, she
Hath to her Dowre, her Mothers modestie.

Char. Lord sir, in what a happy state liue you;
This morning, which (to many) seemes a burthen, too
Heauie

3

hit'd with Kindnesse.

Heavy to beare, is vnto you a pleasure.
This Lady is no clog, as many are;
She doth become you like a well-made suite,
In which the Tailor hath vs'd all his Art:
Not like a thicke coate of vnseason'd Freeze
Forc'd on your backe in Sommer; shee's no chaine
To tie your necke, and curbe ye to the yoke;
But shee's a chaine of Gold to adorne your necke:
You both adorne each other, and your hands
Me thinkes are matches; there's equality
In this faire combination; y'are both Schollers,
Both yong, both being descended Nobly:
There's Musicke in this sympathy, it carries
Consort, and expectation of much ioy,
Which God bestow on you, from this first day,
Vntill your dissolution, that's for aye. *(ford.*

Frank. We keep you here too long good brother *Frank-*
Into the Hall: away, go cheere your guests.
VWhat, Bride & bride-groome both withdrawn at once?
If you be mist, the Guests will doubt their welcome,
And charge you with vnkindnesse.

Frank. To preuent it,
He leaue you heere, to see the dance within.

Anne. And so will I. *Exit*

Frank. To part you it were fin.
Now gallants, while the Towne Musicians
Finger their frets within; and the mad Lads
And countrey-Lasses, euery mothers childe,
VWith Nose-gaies and Bridelaces in their hats,
Dance all their country measures, rounds, and Iigges,
VWhat shall we do? Harke, they're all on the hoigh,
They toile like Mill-horses, and turne as round,
Marry not on the toe: I, and they caper,
But without cutting: you shall see to morrow

The

A Woman

The hall floure peckt and dinted like a Mill-stone
Made with their high shooes, though their skil be small,
Yet they treade heauy where their Hob-nailes fall.

Char. Wel, leaue them to their sports: *sir Francis Alton*
Ile make a match with you, meete to morrow
At *Cheny-chase*, Ile flye my Hawke with yours.

Fran. For what? for what?

Char. VVhy for a hundred pound.

Fran. Pawne me some Gold of that.

Char. Heere are ten Angels,
Ile make them good a hundred pound to morrow
Vpon my Hawks wing.

Fran. 'Tis a match, 'tis done:
Another hundred pound vpon your dogges,
Dare ye *Sir Charles*?

Char. I dare: were I sure to loose
I durst do more then that: Heere's my hand,
The first course for a hundred pound.

Fran. A match.

Wend. Ten Angels on *sir Francis Altons* Hawke:
As much vpon his Dogs.

Cran. I am for *sir Charles Mountford*, I haue seene
His Hawke and Dogge both tride: what clap ye hands?
Or ist no bargaine?

Wend. Yes, and stake them downe:
VVere they fiae hundred they were all my owne.

Fran. Be stirring early with the Larke to morrow,
Ile rise into my saddle ere the Sun
Rise from his bed.

Char. If there you misse me, say
I am no Gentleman: Ile hold my day.

Fran. It holds on all sides; come, to night let's dance,
Earely to morrow let's prepare to ride,
VVe had need be three houres vp before the bride. *Exit*

Enter

Kilde with Kindnesse.

5

Enter Nicke and Jenkin, Jacke Slime, Roger Brickbat,
with Countrey wenches, and two or three Musittans.

Jenk. Come Nick, take you *Ione Mininer* to trace with-
all: *Jacke Slime* trauesse you with *Sissy Milk-pale*, I will
take *Iane Trubkin*, and *Roger Brickbat* shall haue *Isbell*
Morley, and now that they are busie in the Parlour, come
strike vp, wee'l haue a crash heere in the yard.

Nick. My humor is not compendious: dancing I pos-
sesse not, though I can foot it; yet since I am false into
the hands of *Sissy Milk-pale*, I consent.

Jack. Truly Nicke, though we were neuer brought vp
like seruing Courtiers, yet we haue beerie brought vppe
with seruing creatures, I and Gods creatures too; for we
haue beene brought vp to serue Sheepe, Oxen, Horses,
Hogges, and such like: and though we be but countrey
fellowes, it may be in the way of dancing we can doe the
Horse-tricke as well as the Seruing-men.

Roger. I, and the crosse-point too.

Jen. O *Slime*, O *Brickbat*, do not you know that com-
parisons are odious; now we are odious our selues too,
therefore there are no comparisons to be made betwixt
vs.

Nic. I am sodaine, and not superfluous:
I am quarrellsome, and not seditious:
I am peaceable, and not contentious:
I am breefe, and not compendious.

Slime. Foote it quickly, if the Musicke ouercome not
my melancholly, I shall quarrell; and if they sodainly do
not strike vp, I shall presently strike thee downe.

Jen. No quarrelling for Gods sake: truly if you doe, I
shall set a knaue betweene ye.

Slime. I come to dance, not to quarrell: come, what
B shall

A Woman

shall it be? *Rogero?*

Ien. Rogero, no; we will dance the beginning of the world.

Sissy. I loue no Dance so well, as *John come kisser mee now.*

Nic. I that haue etc now deseru'd a cushion; call for the cushion dance.

Roger. For my part I like nothing so wel as *Tom Tyler.*

Ienk. No wee'l haue the hunting of the Fox.

Slime. The Hay, the hay, there's nothing like the hay.

Nick. I haue saide, do say, and will say againe.

Ien. Euery man agree to haue it as *Nicke* sayes.

All. Content.

Nic. It hath bene, it now is, and it shall be.

Sissy. What Master *Nichlas*, what?

Nic. Put on your smocke a Monday.

Ien. So the dance will come cleanly off: come, for Gods sake agree of something; if you like not thar, put it to the Musicians, or let me speake for all, and wee'l haue Sellengers round.

All. That, that, that.

Nic. No I am resolu'd thus it shall be,
First take hands, then take ye to your heeles.

Ien. VVhy, would ye haue vs run away?

Nic. No, but I would haue you shake your heeles.
Musicke strike vp.

They dance, Nick dancing speaks stately and scurrily, the rest after the Countrey fashion.

Ienk. Hey linely my Lasses, here's a turne for thee. *Exit.*

Wind hornes, Enter Sir Charles, Sir Francis, Malby, Cranwel, Wendoll, Faulconer, and Huntsmen.

Char. So, well cast off; aloft, aloft, well flowne:

kill'd with Kindnesse.

7

O now she takes her at the fowle, and strikes her downe
to th' earth, like a swift thunder-clap.

Wend. She hath stroke ten Angels out of my way.

Fran. A hundred pound from me.

Char. VVhat Faulc'ner?

Faul. At hand Sir.

Char. Now she hath seisd the Fowle, & gins to plume
her, Rebecke her not; rather stand still and checke her.
So: seise her Gets, her Iesses, and her Bels:
Away.

Fran. My Hawke kill'd too.

Char. I, but 'twas at the querre,
Not at the mount, like mine.

Fran. Iudgement my Masters.

Cran. Yours mist her at the Ferre.

wend. I but our Merlin first had plum'd the Fowle,
And twice renew'd her from the Riuer too;
Her Bels Sir *Francis* had not both one waight,
Nor was one semi-tunē aboue the other:
Mee thinkes these Millaine bells do sound too full,
And spoile the mounting of your Hawke.

Char. Tis lost.

Fran. I grant it not. Mine likewise seisd a Fowle
Within her talents; and you saw her pawes
Full of the Feathers: both her petty singles,
And her long singles, grip'd her more then other;
The Terrials of her legges were stain'd with blood:
Not of the Fowle onely she did discomfite
Some of her Feathers, but she brake away.
Come, come, your Hawke is but a Risler.

Char. How?

Fran. I, and your Dogges are trindle-tailes and curs.

Char. You stirre my blood.

You keepe not one good Hound in all your Kennell;

B 2

No

A Woman

Nor one good Hawke vpon your Perche.

Fran. How Knight?

Char. So Knight? you will not swagger Sir?

Fran. VVhy say I did?

Char. Why Sir, I say you would gaine as much by
swaggering as you haue got by wagers on your Dogges,
You will come short in all things.

Fran. Not in this, now ile strike home.

Char. Thou shalt to thy long home, or I will want my
will.

Fran. All they that loue Sir Francis follow mee.

Char. All that affect Sir Charles draw on my part.

Cran. On this side heaues my hand.

Wend. Here goes my hart.

They diuide themselves.

*sir Charles, Cramwel, Fauconer, and Huntsman, fight against
Sir Francis Wendoll, his Faulconer, and Huntsman, and
Sir Charles hath the better, and beats them away, killing
both of Sir Francis his men.*

Char. My God: what haue I done? what haue I done?

My rage hath plung'd into a Sea of blood,

In which my soule lies drown'd, poore innocents,

For whom we are to answer: well 'tis done,

And I remaine the Victor: A great conquest,

VVhen I would giue this right hand, nay this head,

To breath in them new life whom I haue slaine.

Forgiue me God, 'twas in the heat of blood,

And anger quite remooues me from my selfe:

It was not I, but rage, did this vile murder;

Yet I, and not my rage, must answer it.

Sir Francis' *Atton* he is fled the field;

VVith him, all those that did partake his quarrell,

And I am left alone, with sorrow dumbe,

And

Kilde with Kindnesse.

And in my heighth of conquest, overcome.

Enter Susan.

Oh God, my Brother wounded mong the dead;
Vnhappy iests that in such earnest ends;
The rumor of this feare stretcht to my eares,
And I am come to know if you be wounded.

Char. O Sister, sister, wounded at the heart.

Susan. My God forbid.

Char. In doing that thing which he forbad,
I am wounded sister.

Sus. I hope not at the heart.

Char. Yes, at the heart.

Sus. O God: a Surgeon there.

Char. Call me a Surgeon sister for my soule,
The sinne of murther it hath pierc'd my heart,
And made a wide wound there: But for these scratches,
They are nothing, nothing.

Sus. Charles, what haue you done?
Sir Francis hath great friends, and will pursue you
Vnto the vtmost danger of the Law.

Char. My conscience is become mine enemy,
And will pursue me more then *Acton* can.

Sus. O flye sweet Brother.

Char. Shall I flie from thee?
VVhy *Sue*, art wearie of my company?

Sus. Fly from your foe.

Char. You sister are my frend,
And flying you, I shall pursue my end.

Sus. Your companie is as my eie-ball deere,
Being farre from you, no comfort can be neere:
Yet flye to saue your life; what would I care
To spend my future age in blacke despair,
So you were safe: and yet to liue one weeke
Without my Brother *Charles*, through euery checke

A Woman

My streaming teares would downwards run so ranke,
Till they could set on either side a banke,
And in the midst a channell; so my face
For two salt water brookes, shall still finde place.

Char. Thou shalt not weepe so much, for I will stay
In spite of dangers teeth: ile live with thee,
Or ile not live at all; I will not sell
My countrey, and my Fathers patrimony,
No, thy sweet sight, for a vaine hope of life.

Enter Sheriffe with Officers.

Sher. Sir Charles, I am made the vnwilling instrument
Of your attach and apprehension:
I'me sorry that the blood of innocent men
Should be of you enacted. It was told mee
That you were guarded with a troope of Friends,
And therefore came thus arm'd.

Char. O master Sheriffe,
I came into the field with many friends,
But see they all have left me; onely one
Clings to my sad misfortune, my deere Sister:
I know you for an honest Gentleman,
I yeeld my weapons, and submit to you;
Conuey me where you please.

Sher. To prison then,
To answer for the lives of these dead men.

Susan. Oh God, Oh God.

Charl. Sweete Sister, euery straine
Of sorrow from your heart augments my paine,
Your grieve abounds, and hits againe my brest.

Sher. Sir will you go?

Char. Euen where it likes you best.

Enter Master Frankesford in a study.

Frank. How happy am I amongst other men,

That

Kilde mitb Kindnesse.

That in my meane estate Imbrace content.
I am a Gentleman, and by my birth
Companion with a King, a Kings no more.
I am posselt of many faire reuennewes,
Sufficient to maintaine a Gentleman.
Touching my minde, I am studied in all Arts;
The riches of my thoughts, and of my time,
Haue beene a good proficient: but the cheefe
Of all the sweete felicities on earth,
I haue a faire, a chaste, and louing wife;
Perfection all, all truth, all ornament;
If man on earth may truely happy be,
Of these at once posselt, sure I am he.

Enter Nicholas.

Nick. Sir, there's a Gentleman attends vwithout to
speake with you.

Frank. On horse-backe.

Nick. Yes, on horsebacke.

Frank. Intreate him to alight, and ile attend him:
Know'st thou him *Nike*?

Nick. Know him, yes; his name's *Wendoll*:
It seemes he comes in hast, his horse is booted
Vp to the flanke in mire; himselfe all spotted
And stain'd with plashing: sure hee rid in feare,
Or for a wager: Horse and man both sweate,
I neere saw two in such a smoaking heate.

Frank. Entreat him in, about it instantly:
This *Wendoll* I haue noted, and his carriage
Hath pleas'd me much; by Obseruation
I haue noted many good deserts in him:
Hee's affable, and scene in many thinges,
Discourfes well, a good companion;
And though of small meanes, yet a Gentleman

Of

Act V. Scene I.

Of a good house, somewhat prest by want;
I haue preferr'd him to a second place
in my Opinion, and my best regard.

Enter Wendell, Mistress Frankford, and Anne.

Nicke.
Anne. O M. Frankford, master VVendoll heere
Brings you the strangest newes that ere you heard.

Fran. VVhat newes sweet wife? what newes good M.
VVendoll.

Wend. You knew the match made twixt Sir Francis
Acton, and Sir Charles Mountford.

Fran. True, with their Hounds and Hawkes.

Wend. The matches were both plaid.

Fran. Ha: And which won?

Wend. Sir Francis your wiues Brother had the worst,
And lost the wager.

Fran. VVhy the worse his chance;
Perhaps the fortune of some other day
VVill change his lucke.

Anne. Oh, but you heare not all.

Sir Francis lost, and yet was loath to yeeld.

At length the two Knights grew to difference,

From words to blowes, and so to banding sides;

VVhere valorous Sir Charles slew in his spleene

Two of your Brothers men: his Faulx her,

And his good Huntsman whom he lou'd so well;

More men were wounded, no more slaine outright.

Fran. Now trust me I am forrie for the Knight;

But is my brother safe?

Wend. All whole and sound,

His bodie not being blemisht with one wound:

But poore Sir Charles is to the prison led,

To answer at th' assize for them that's dead.

Fran.

kind with Kindnesse.

13

Fran. I thank your paines Sir; had the newes bin better
Your will was to haue brought it M. Wendoll.

Sir Charles will finde hard friends: his case is heynous,
And will be most seuerely censur'd on;

I'me sorry for him. Sir, a word with you:
I know you Sir to be a Gentleman

In all things; your possibility but meane;

Please you to vse my Table, and my purse;

They are yours.

wend. O Lord sir, I shall neuer deserue it.

Frank. O sir disparage not your worth too much;

You are full of quality, and faire deserue;

Chooße of my men which shall attend you sir,

And he is yours. I will allow you sir

Your man, your gelding, and your table

All at my owne charge, be my companion.

wend. M. Frankford, I haue oft bin bound to you

By many fauours: this exceeds them all,

That I shall neuer merit your least fauour.

But when your last remembrance I forget,

Heauen at my soule exact that weighry debt.

Frank. There needs no protestation: for I know you

Virtuous, and therefore gratefull. Prethee Nan

Vse him with all thy louingst curtesie.

An. As farre as modesty may well extend,

It is my duty to receiue your friend.

Fran. To dinner: come sir, from this present day

Welcome to me for euer: come away. *Exit.*

Nick. I do not like this fellow by no meanes:

I neuer see him but my heart still comes;

Zounds I could fight with him, yet know not why:

The Deuill and he are all one in mine eye. *Exit*

Enter

And Woman his

Enter Jenkin.

Jen. O *Nicke*, what Gentleman is that that comes to lie at our house; my master allowes him one to wayte on him, and I beleeue it will fall to thy lot.

Nick. I loue my master, by these Hills I do:
But rather then he ever come to serue him,
He turne away my master.

Enter Sissy.

Sissy. *Nichlas*, where are you *Nichlas*, you must come in *Nichlas*, and helpe the Gentleman off with his bootes.

Nic. If I plucke off his bootes, He care the spurs,
And they shall sticke fast in my throat like burs.

Sissy. Then *Jenkin* come you.

Jen. Nay, 'tis no boote for me to deny it. My Master hath giuen me a coate here, but he takes paines himselfe to brush it once or twice a day with a holly-wand.

Sissy. Come, come, make hast that you may wash your hands againe, and helpe to serue in dinner.

Jen. You may see my masters, though it be afternoone with you, 'tis but early dayes with vs, for wee haue not din'd yet: stay a little, He but go in and helpe to beare vp the first course, and come to you againe presently.

Exit.

Enter Malby and Cranwel.

Mal. This is the Sessions day, pray can you tell me How yong Sir Charles hath sped: Is he acquit,
Or must he try the Lawes strict penalty?

Cran. Hee's cleer'd of all spight of his enemies,
Whose earnest labour was to take his life.

Exit.

But

kit'd with Kindeesse.

But in this sute of pardon he hath spent
All the reuennewes that his Father left him;
And he is now turn'd a plaine Countrey man;
Reform'd in all things: See fir, here he comes.

Enter Sir Charles and his Keeper.

Keeper. Discharge your fees, and you are then at free-
dome.

Char. Here M. Keeper, take the poore remainder
Of all the wealth I haue: my heauy foes
Haue made my purse light; but alas to me
'Tis wealth enough that you haue set me free.

Mal. God giue you ioy of your deliuey,
I am glad to see you abroad Sir Charles,

Char. The poorest Knight in England M. Malby;
My life hath cost me all my patrimony
My Father left his sonne; well, God forgive them
That are the Authors of my penury.

Enter Shaf.

Sir Charles, a hand, a hand, at liberty:
Now by the faith I owe I am glad to see it.
What want you? wherein may I pleasure you?

Char. O me: O most vnhappy Gentleman:
I am not worthy to haue friends stirr'd vp,
Whose hands may helpe me in this plunge of want:
I would I were in heaven, to inherit there
Th'immortall birth-right which my Sauour keepes,
And by no vnthrif can be bought and sold;
For here on earth what pleasures should we trust?

Shaf. To rid you from these contemplations,
Three hundred pounds you shall receiue of mee:
Nay sue for faile: Come fir, the sight of Golds

Kilde with Kindnesse.

7

Thy eyes could swim in laughter, when thy soule
Lies drencht and drowned in red reares of blood.
Ile pray, and see if God within my heart
Plant better thoughts: why prayers are meditations;
And when I meditate (O God forgive me)
It is on her diuine perfections.
I will forget her; I will arme my selfe
Not to entertaine a thought of loue to her:
And when I come by chance into her presence,
Ile hale these bals vntill my eye-firings cracke,
From being pull'd and drawne to looke that way.

Enter ouer the stage, Frankesford, his wife, and

Nike.
O God, O God I with what a violence
I'me hurried to mine owne destruction.
There goest thou the most perfect's man
That euer England bred a Gentleman,
And shall I wrong his bed? Thou God of Thunder
Stay in thy thoughts of vengeance and of wrath,
Thy great almighty, and all-iudging hand
From speedy execution on a Villen,
A villen and a Traitor to his friend.

Enter Jenkin.

Jenk. Did your worship call?

Wend. He doth maintaine me, he allowes mee largely
Money to spend.

Jen. By my faith so do not you me, I cannot get a
crosse of you.

Wend. My Gelding, and my man.

A Woman

Ien. That's Sorrell, and I.

wen. This kindnesse growes of no alliance, 'twixt vs,

Ien. Nor is my seruice of any great acquaintance.

wen. I neuer bound him to me by desert:

Of a meere stranger, a poore Gentleman;

A man by whom in no kinde he could gaine:

And he hath plac'd me in his highest thoughts,

Made me companion with the best and cheefest

In Yorke-shire. He cannot eate without me,

Nor laugh without me: I am to his body

As necessary as his digestion;

And equally do make him whole or sicke:

And shall I wrong this man? Base man, ingrate;

Hast thou the power straight with thy goary hands,

To rip thy Image from his bleeding heart?

To scratch thy name from out the holy booke

Of his remembrance; and to wound his name

That holds thy name so deere? Or rend his heart

To whom thy heart was knit and ioyn'd together?

And yet I must: Then *Wendell* be content;

Thus villaines when they would, cannot repent.

Ien. What a strange humor is my new master in, pray!

God he be not mad: if he should bee so, I should neuer

haue any minde to serue him in Bedlam. It may bee hee's

mad for missing of me.

wen. What *Ienkin*, where's your Mistris?

Ien. Is your worship married?

wen. Why dost thou aske?

Ien. Because you are my Master, and if I haue a mistris

I would be glad like a good seruant to do my duty to hir.

wen. I meane Mistris Frankford.

Ien. Marry sir her husband is riding out of towne, and

she

Kilde with Kindnesse.

92

she went very lovingly to bring him on his way to horse:
Do you see sir, here she comes, and here I go.
wend. Vanish.

Enter Mistress Frankford.

Anne. Y^e are well met Sir; now introth my husband
Before he tooke horse had a great desire
To speake with you: we sought about the house,
Hollow'd into the fields, sent euerie way,
But could not meete you: therefore he inioyn'd me
To do vnto you his most kinde commends.
Nay more, he wils you as you prize his loue,
Or hold in estimation his kinde friendship,
To make bold in his absence, and command
Euen as himselfe were present in the house:
For you must keepe his Table, vse his seruants,
And be a present Frankford in his absence.

wend. I thanke him for his loue:
Giue me a name you whose infectious tongues
Are tipt with gall and poison, as you would
Thinke on a man that had your Father slaine;
Murdred your children, made your wiues base strumpets.
So call me, call me so: Print in my face
The most stigmatike title of a villaine,
For hatching treason to so true a friend.

Anne. Sir you are much beholding to my husband;
You are a man most deere in his regard.

wend. I am bound vnto your husband, and you too.
I will not speake to wrong a Gentleman
Of that good estimation, my kinde friend:
I will not, zounds I will not. I may choose,

And!

And Woman

And I will choose. Shall I be so misled?
Or shall I purchase to my Fathers crest
The Motto of a villen? If I say
I will not do it, what thing can inforce me?
What can compell me? What sad destiny
Hath such command vpon my yeelding thoughts?
I will not. Ha! some fury prickes me on,
The swift Fates drag me at their Chariot wheele;
And hurry me to mischief. Speake I must;
Iniure my selfe, wrong her, deceiue his trust.

Anne. Are you not well fir that ye seeme thus troubled?
There is sedition in your countenance.

wend. And in my heart faire Angell, chaste and wise:
I loue you: start not, speake not, answer not.
I loue you: Nay let me speake the rest:
Bid me to sweare, and I will call to record
The hoast of heauen.

Anne. The hoast of heauen forbid
Wendoll should hatch such a disloyall thought.

wend. Such is my fate, to this shite I was borne,
To weare rich pleasures crowne, or fortunes scorne.

Anne. My husband loues you.

wend. I know it.

Anne. He esteemes you
Euen as his braine, his eye-ball, or his heart.

wend. I haue tried it.

Anne. His purse is your Exchecquer, and his table
Doth freely serue you.

wend. So I haue found it.

Anne. O with what face of brasse? what brow of Steele
Can you vnblushing speake this to the face
Of the espous'd wife of so deere a friend?

kit'd with Kindnesse.

21

It is my husband that maintaines your state,
Will you dishonor him? I am his wife
That in your power hath left his whole affaires,
It is to me you speake?

Wend. O speake no more,
For more then this I know, and haue recorded
Within the red-lean'd Table of my heart;
Faire, and of all belou'd, I was not fearefull
Bluntly to give my life into your hand;
And at one hazard all my earthly meanes.
Go, tell your husband, he will turne me off,
And I am then vndone: I care not I,
'Twas for your sake. Perchance in rage hee'll kill me:
I care not, 'twas for you. Say I incurre
The generall name of Villaine through the world;
Of Traitor to my friend: I care not I.
Beggery, shame, death, scandall, and reproch,
For you Ile hazard all, why what care I:
For you Ile loue, and in your loue Ile dye.

Anne. You moue me fir to passion and to pittie:
The loue I beare my husband, is as precious
As my soules health.

Wend. I loue your husband too,
And for his loue I will ingage my life;
Mistake me not, the augmentation
Of my sincere affection borne to you
Doth no whit lessen my regard of him.
I will be secret Lady, close at night:
And not the light of one small glorious Starre
Shall shine heere in my forehead, to bewray
That act of night.

Anne. What shall I say?
My soule is wandring, and hath lost her way.

D

Oh

A Woman

Oh master *wendol*, oh.

wend. Sigh nor sweet Saint;
For euery sigh you breath, drawes from my heart
A drop of blood.

Anne. I we're offended yet:
My fault (I feare) will in my brow be writ.
Women that fall not quite bereft of grace,
Haue their offences noted in their face;
I blush and am asham'd. Oh master *VVendoll*,
Pray God I be not borne to curse your tongue
That hath enchanted me. This Maze I am in,
I feare will proue the labyrinth of sin.

Enter Nicke.

wend. The path of pleasure, and the gate to blisse,
Which on your lips I knocke at with a kisse.

Nic. Ile kill the Rogue.

wen. Your husband is from home, your bed's no blab:
Nay looke not downe and blush. *Exit.*

Nic. Zounds Ile stab.

I *Nicke*, was it thy chance to come iust in the nicke:

I loue my master, and I hate that slaue;

I loue my mistris, but these trickes I like not:

My master shall not pocket vp this wrong;

Ile eate my fingers first. What sayst thou mettles?

Do's not that rascall *VVendoll* go on legs

That thou must cut off? Hath he not ham-strings

That thou must hogh? Nay mettles, thou shall stand

To all I say. Ile henceforth turne a spy,

And watch them in their close conueyances:

I neuer look'd for better of that rascall

Since he came miching first into our house:

It is that *Sathan* hath corrupted her;

For

kit'd with Kindnesse.

For she was faire and chaste. He haue an eye
In all their gestures. Thus I thinke of them,
(If they proceede as they haue done before)
VVendol's a Knaue, my Mistris is a—— *Exit.*

Enter Charles and Susan.

Char. Sister you see we are driuen to hard shift,
To keepe this poore house we haue left vnfold;
I am now inforc'd to follow husbandry,
And you to milke, and do we not liue well?
Well I thanke God.

Susan. O Brother, heere's a change
Since old Sir *Charles* dyed in our Fathers house.

Ch. All things on earth thus change, some vp, some down;
Contents a kingdome, and I weare that crowne.

Enter Shafston with a Sergeant.

God morrow, morrow sir *Charles*, what with your sister,
Plying your husbandry? Sergeant stand off;
You haue a pretty house heere, and a Garden,
And goodly ground about it. Since it lyes
So neere a Lordship that I lately bought,
I would faine buy it of you. I will giue you

Char. O pardon me: This house successeiuelly
Hath long'd to me and my progenitors
Three hundred yeeres. My great great Grandfather;
He in whom first our gentle stile began
Dwelt heere; and in this ground, increast this Mole-hill
Vnto that Mountaine which my Father left me.
VVhere he the first of all our house began,
I now the last will end and keepe this house:
This virgin Title neuer yet deflour'd
By any vnthrif of the Mountfords line;

A Woman

Inbreefe, I will not sell it for more Gold
Then you could hide or pauer the ground withall.

Shaf. Ha, ha, a proud minde and a Beggers purse:
Where's my three hundred pounds, besides the vse?
I haue brought it to execution

By course of Law: what, is my monies ready?

Char. An execution sir, and neuer tell me
You put my bond in suite, you deale excreamlly.

Shaf. Sell me the Land and Ile acquit you straight.

Char. Alas, alas: 'Tis all trouble hath left me
To cherish me and my poore Sisters life.

If this were sold, our meanes should then be quite
Rac'd from the bed-roll of Gentility.

You see what hard shift we haue made to keepe it
Allyed still to our owne name: this palme you see

Labour hath glow'd within her siluer brow,
That neuer tasted a rough winters blast

Without a Maske or Fan, doth with a grace
Defie cold winter, and his stormes outface.

Susan. Sir, we feed sparing, and we labour hard,
We lie vneasie, to referue to vs

And our succession this small plot of ground.

Char. I haue so bent my thoughts to husbandry,
That I protest I scarcely can remember

What a new fashion is; how filke or fatten
Feeles in my hand: why pride is growne to vs

A meere meere stranger. I haue quite forgot
The names of all that euer waited on me.

• I cannot name ye any of my Hounds;
Once from whose ecchoing mouths I heard all musicke

That ere my heart desired. What should I say?

To keepe this place I haue chang'd my selfe away.

Shaf. Arrest him at my suite; Actions and actions

Shall

Kilde with Kindnesse.

25

Shall keepe thee in continuall bondage fast.
Nay more, Ile sue thee by a late appeale,
And call thy former life in question.
The Keeper is my friend, thou shalt haue Irons,
And vsage such as Ile deny to dogs: Away with him.
Char. Ye are too timorous, but Trouble is my master,
And I will serue him truly: my kinde sister
Thy teares are of no force to mollifie
This flinty man. Go to my Fathers Brother,
My Kinsmen and Allies; intreat them for me
To ransom me from this iniurious man
That seekes my ruine.

Shaf. Come, irons, irons; come away,
Ile see thee lodg'd farre from the sight of day.

Sus. My heart's so hardned with the frost of griefe,
Death cannot pierce it through; Tyrant too fell:
So leade the fiends condemned soules to hell.

Enter Acton and Malby.

Fran. Act. Agen to prison; *Malby* hast thou seene
A poore slaue better tortur'd? Shall we heare
The Musicke of his voice cry from the grate,
Meane for the Lords sake: No, no, yet I am not
Thoroughly reueng'd. They say he hath a pretty wench:
To his Sister: Shal I in my mercy sake
To him and to his Kindred, bribe the foole
To shame her selfe by lewd dishonest lust:
Ile proffer largely, but the deede being done,
Ile smile to see her base confusion.

Mal. Methinkes Sir Francis you are full reueng'd
For greater wrongs then he can proffer you:
See where the poore sad Gentlewoman stands.

Fran. Ha, ha, now will I flout her pouerty,

D 3

Deride.

A Woman

Deride her fortunes, scoffe her base estate;
My very soule the name of Mountford hate.
But stay; my heart, or what a look did flye
To strike my soule through with thy piercing eye.
I am enchanted, all my spirits are fled;
And with one glance my enuious spleene strooke dead.

Susan. Afton that seekes our blood. *Run away.*

Fran. O chaste and faire.

Mal. Sir Francis, why Sir Francis, in a trance?
Sir Francis, what cheere man? Come, come, how ist?

Fran. Was she not faire? Or else this iudging eye
Cannot distinguish beauty.

Mal. She was faire.

Fran. She was an Angell in a mortals shape,
And ne're descended from old Mountfords line.
But soft, soft, let me call my wits together.
A poore, poore wench; to my great Aduersary
Sister: whose very soules denounce sterne warre
Each against other. How now *Franks*, turn'd Foole
Or madman whether? But no master of
My perfect senses and directest wits.
Then why should I be in this violent humor
Of passion, and of loue? And with a person
So different euery way: and so oppos'd
In all contractions, and still-warring actions?
Fie, fie, how I dispute against my soule.
Come, come, Ile gaine her; or in her faire quest
Purchase my soule free and immortall rest.

*Enter 3. or 4. seruingmen, one with a Voyder and a wooden
Knife to take away, another the salt and bread, another
the Table-cloth and Napkins, another the Carpet, Jenkin
with two Lights after them.*

Jenk.

Kilde with Kindnesse.

37

Jen. So, march in order and retire in battell array. My master and the guests haue supp'd already, all's taken away: heere now spread for the Seruingmen in the Hall. Butler, it belongs to your Office.

But. I know it Ienkin.

VVhat de'ye cal the Gentleman that supt there to night?

Jen. Who my master?

wen. No no, master VVendoll hee's a daily Guest; I meane the Gentleman that came but this afternoone.

Jen. His name's M. *Crawwel*. Gods light, harke within there, my master cals to lay more Billets vppon the fire. Come, come, Lord how wee that are in Office heere in the house are troubled. One spred the Carpet in the Parlour, and stand ready to snuffe the lights, the rest be ready to prepare their stomackes. More lights in the Hall there. Come Nicklas.

Exit.

Nic. I cannot eate, but had I *wendols* heart I would eate that; the Rogue growes impudent. Oh I haue seene such vil'de notorious trickes, Ready to make my eyes dart from my head. Ile tell my master, by this ayre I will; Fall what may fall, Ile tell him. Here he comes.

Enter Master Frankesford, as it were brushing the Crummes from his clothes with a Napkin, as newly risen from supper.

Fran. *Nichlas* what make you heere? why are not you At supper in the Hall among your fellowes?

Nic. Master I staide your rising from the boord To speake with you.

Fran. Be breefe then gentle Nicklas, My wife and guests attend me in the Parlour;

VVhy

A Woman

Why dost thou pause? Now *Nicklas* you want money;
And vnthrif-like would cast into your wages
Ere you haue earn'd it: heere fir halfe a crowne;
Play the good husband, and away to supper.

Nick. By this hand an honourable Gentleman; I will
not see him wrong'd. Sir, I haue ser'd you long: you en-
tertain'd me seuen yeeres before your beard. You knew
me fir before you knew my mistress.

Frank. VVhat of this good Nicklas?

Nick. I neuer was a make-bate, or a Knaue;
I haue no fault but one, I'me giuen to quarrell,
But not with women. I will tell you Master
That which will make your heart leape from your brest;
Your haire to startle from your head, your eares to tin-
gle.

Frank. What preparation's this to dismall newes?

Nick. Sblood fir I loue you better then your wife;
He make it good.

Frank. Yare a knaue, and I haue much adoe
VVith wonted patience to containe my rage,
And not to breake thy pate. Th'art a knaue;
He turne you with your base comparifons
Out of my doores.

Nick. Do, do.
There is not roome for *Wendell* and me too
Both in one house. Oh master, master,
That *Wendell* is a villaine.

Frank. I fauie.

Nick. Strike, strike, do, strike; yet heare mee, I am no
Foole,
I know a villaine when I see him act
Deeds of a villaine: master, master, that base flauie
Enioyes my mistress, and dishonors you.

Frank.

kild with Kindnesse.

29

Fr. Thou hast kild me with a weapon whose sharp point
Hath prick'd quite through & through my shin'ing hart.
Drops of cold sweate sit dangling on my haire,
Like mornings dew vpon the golden flowers;
And I am plung'd into strange agonies.
What didst thou say? If any word that toucht
His credit, or her reputation;
It is as hard to enter my beleefe,
As Diues into heauen.

Nicke. I can gaine nothing; they are two
That neuer wrong'd me. I knew before
Twas but a thanklesse office; and perhaps
As much as is my seruice, or my life is worth.
All this I know: But this and more,
More by a thousand dangers could not hire me
To smother such a heinous wrong from you;
I saw, and I haue sayd.

Fr. Tis probable; though blunt, yet he is honest:
Though I durst pawne my life, and on their faith
Hazard the deere saluation of my soule;
Yet in my trust I may be too secure.
May this be true? O may it? Can it be?
Is it by any wonder possible?
Man, woman, what thing mortall can we trust,
When friends and bosome wiues proue so vniust?
VVhat instance hast thou of this strange report?

Nic. Eyes master, eyes.

Frank. Thy eyes may be deceiu'd I tell thee:
For should an Angell from the heauens drop downe,
And preach this to me that thy selfe hast told,
He should haue much ado to win beleefe,
In both their loues I am so confident.

Nic. Shall I discourse the same by circumstance?

E

Frank.

A Woman

Fran. No more; to supper, & command your fellowes
To attend vs and the strangers. Nor a word
I charge thee on thy life, be secret then,
For I know nothing.

Nicke. I am dumbe; and now that I haue easd my stomacke, I will go fill my stomacke. *Exit*

Fran. Away, be gone.

She is well borne, descended Nobly;
Vertuous her education, her repute
Is in the generall voice of all the Countrey
Honest and faire; her carriage, her demeanor
In all her actions that concerne the loue
To me her husband; modest, chaste, and godly.
Is all this seeming Gold plaine Copper?
But he, that *Judas* that hath borne my purse,
And sold me for a sin: Oh God, oh God,
Shall I put vp these wrongs? No, shall I trust
The bare report of this suspicious groome,
Before the double guilt, the well-hatch Ore
Of their two hearts? No, I will loose these thoughts:
Distraction I will banish from my brow,
And from my lookes exile sad discontent,
Their wonted fauours in my tongue shall flow;
Till I know all, Ile nothing seeme to know.
Lights and a Table there. Wife, *M. Wendol*, and gentle
Master *Cranwell*.

Enter *Mistress Frankford*, *Master Wendol*, *Master Cranwell*,
Nicke and *Lenkin*, with Cards, Carpets, Shoules, and
all other necessaries.

Fran. O master *Cranwell*, you are are a stranger heere,
And often balke my house: faith y'are a Churle;
Now we haue supp'd, a Table and to Cards.

Lenk.

kit'd with Kindnesse.

Jen. A paire of Cards *Nichlas*, and a Carpet to couer the Table: where's *Sissy* with her Counters and her box: Candles and Candlestickes there. Fie wee haue such a household of seruing creatures, vnlesse it bee *Nicke* and I, there's not one amongst them all can say bo to a Goose. Wel-fed *Nicke*.

They spread a Carpet, set downe lights and Cards.

Anne. Come M. Frankford, who shall take my part?

Frank. Marry that will I sweet wife.

wend. No by my Faith, when you are together I sitte out; it must be mistris Frankford & I, or els it is no march

Frank. I do not like that match.

Nicke. You haue no reason marry knowing all.

Frank. Tis no great matter neither. Come Master Cranwell, shall you and I take them vp.

Cran. At your pleasure sir.

Frank. I must looke to you master Wendoll, for you'l be playing false: nay so will my wife too.

Nick. I will be sworne she will.

Anne. Let them that are taken false forget the Set.

Frank. Content, it shall go hard but Ile take you.

Cran. Gentlemen what shall our game be?

wend. Master Frankford you play best at Noddy.

Frank. You shall not finde it so, indeed you shall not.

Anne. I can play at nothing so well as double ruffe.

Frank. If master *wendoll* and my wife be together, there's no playing against them at double hand.

Nic. I can tell you sir the game that master *wendoll* is best at.

wend. What game is that *Nicke*?

Nicke. Marry sir, Knaue out of doores.

wend. She and I will take you at Lodam.

Anne. Husband shall we play at Saint.

A Woman

Fran. My Saint turn'd deuill. No wee'l none of Saint;
You are best at New-cut wise: you'l play at that.

wend. If you play at new-cut, I'me soonest bitter of any
licere for a wager.

Frank. Tis me they play on. Well you may draw out
For all your cunning: 'twill be to your shame,
Ile teach you at your New-cut a new game.
Come, con.e.

Cran. If you cannot agree vpon the game, to post and
paire.

wend. We shall be soonest paires, and my good host
When he comes late home he must kisse the post.

Fran. Who euer wins it shall be to thy cost.

Cran. Faith let it be Vide-ruffe, and let's make honors.

Fran. If you make honors, one thing let me craue;
Honor the King and Queene: except the Knaue.

wend. Well as you please for that. Lift who shall deal.

Anne. The least in sight: what are you Master *wendol*?

wend. I am a Knaue.

Nicks. He sweare it.

Anne. I am Queene.

Fr. A quean thou shouldst say, wel the cards are mine,
They are the grosest paire that ere I felt.

Anne. Shuffe, Ile cut; would I had neuer dealt?

Fran. I haue lost my dealing.

wend. Sir the faults in me;

This Queene I haue more then mine owne you see.

Giue me the stocke.

Fran. My minds not on my game;

Many a deale I haue lost, the more's your shame.

You haue seru'd me a bad trick master *wendol*.

wend. Sir you must take your lot. To end this strife,

I know I haue dealt better with your wife.

Fran.

Kilde with Kindnesse.

33

Fran. Thou hast dealt falsely then.

Anne. VVhat's Trumpe?

wend. Harts: Partner I rub.

Fran. Thou robst me of my soule, of her chaste loue,
In thy false dealing thou hast rob'd my heart.

Booty you play, I like a looser stand,
Hauing no heart, or heere, or in my hand.

I will giue o're the Set, I am not well:

Come who will hold my Cards?

Anne. Not well sweet M. Frankford;

Alas what ayle you? Tis some sodaine qualme.

wend. How long haue you bene so master Frankford?

Fran. Sir I was lusty, and I had my health,

But I grew ill when you began to deale.

Take hence this table. Gentle master Cranwell

Y'are welcome; see your chamber at your pleasure.

I am sorry that this Megrim takes me so,

I cannot sit and beare you company.

Ienkin some lights, and shew him to his chamber.

Anne. A night-gowne for my husband, quickly there:

It is some rheume or cold.

wen. Now in good faith this ilnesse you haue got

By sitting late without your gowne.

Fran. I know it M. Wendoll.

Go, go to bed, lest you complaine like me:

Wife, prethee wife into my bed-chamber,

The night is raw and cold, and rheumaticke;

Leaue me my gowne and light, Ile walke away my fit.

wend. Sweet sir goodnight.

Fran. My selfe good night.

Anne. Shall I attend you husband?

Fran. No gentle wife, thou'rt catch hold in thy head;

Prethee be gone sweete, Ile make hast to bed.

A Woman

Anne. No sleepe will fasten on mine eyes you know
Vntill you come. *Exit.*

Frank. Sweet Nan I prethee go.
I haue bethought me, get me by degrees
The Keyes of all my doores, which I will mould
In wax, and take their faire impressiō,
To haue by them new keyes. This being compast,
At a set houre a Letter shall be brought me:
And when they thinke they may securely play,
They neereft are ro danger. Nick, I must rely
Vpon thy trust and faithfull secrecie.

Nic. Builde on my faith.

Fran. To bed then, not to rest;
Care lodges in my braine, greefe in my brest.

*Enter Sir Charles his Sister, old Mountford, Sandy,
Roder, and Tydy.*

Mount. You say my Nephew is in great distresse:
Who brought it to him but his owne lewd life?
I cannot spare a crosse. I must confesse
He was my Brothers sonne: why Neece, what then?
This is no world in which to pittie men.

Suf. I was not borne a Begger, though his extremes
Enforce this language from me: I protest
No fortune of mine owne could leade my tongue
To this base Key. I do beseech you Vncle,
For the names sake, for Christianity,
Nay for Gods sake to pittie his distresse:
He is deni'd the freedome of the prison,
And in the hole is laide with men condemn'd;
Plenty he hath of nothing but of irons,
And it remains in you to free him thence.

Mount.

Kilde with Kindnesse.

15

Moult. Money I cannot spare : men should take heede,
He lost my kindred when he fell to neede.

Suf. Gold is but earth, thou earth enough shalt haue,
When thou hast once tooke measure of thy graue.
You know me master Sandy, and my sute.

Sandy. I knew you Lady when the olde man liu'd,
I knew you ere your Brother folde his land;
Then you were Mistris *Sue*, trick'd vp in Jewels:
Than you sung well, plaide sweetly on the Lute,
But now I neither know you nor your sute.

Su. You master Roder was my brothers Tenant,
Rent-free he plac'd you in that wealthy farme
Of which you are posselt.

Roder. True he did;
And haue I not there dwelt still for his sake?
I haue some businesse now, but without doubt
They that haue hurl'd him in, will helpe him out. *Exit.*

Suf. Cold comfort still: what say you gozen Tydy?
Tydy. I say this comes of roysting, swagg'ring;
Call me not cozen. Each man for himselfe;
Some men are borne to mirth, and some to sorrow,
I am no cosen vnto them that borrow. *Exit*

Suf. Oh Charity, why art thou fled to heauen,
And left all things on this earth yneuen?
Their scoffing answers I will nere retorne;
But to my selfe his greefe in silence moune.

Enter Sir Francis and Malby.

Fran. She is poore. He therefore tempt her with this gold.
Go *Malby* in my name deliuer it,
And I will stay thy answer.

Fran. Faire Mistris, as I vnderstand your greefe
Doe grow from want, so I haue heere in store

A Woman

A meane to furnish you, a bag of Gold,
Which to your hands I freely tender you;
Susan. I thanke you heavens; I thanke you gentle sir:
God make me able to requite this favour.

Mal. This Gold Sir Francis Acton sends by me,
And prays you

Susan. Acton: O God, that name I me borne to curse:
Hence Bawd, hence Broker: see, I spurne his Gold,
My honour neuer shall for gaine be sold.

Fran. Stay, Lady stay.

Susan. From you Ile posting hie;
Euen as the Doves from featherd Eagles flie. *Exit*

Fran. She hates my name, my face, how should I wo?
I am disgrac'd in euery thing I do.

The more she hates me, and disdaines my loue,
The more I am wrapt in admiration
Of her diuine and chaste perfections.

VVoe her with gifts I cannot: for all gifts
Sent in my name she spurnes. VVith looks I cannor,
For she abhorres my sight. Nor yet with Letters,
For none she will receiue. How then, how then?

VVell, I will fasten such a kindnesse on her,
As shall overcome her hate and conquer it.

Sir Charles her brother lies in execution
For a great summe of money: and besides

The appeale is sued still for my Huntsmens death,
VVhich onely I haue power to reuerse:

In her Ile bury all my hate of him.

Go seeke the Keeper *Malby*, bring him to me:

To saue his body I his debts will pay;

To saue his life, I his appeale will stay.

Enter Sir Charles in prison, with Irons, his face bare,

kild with Kindnesse.

his garments all ragged and torne.

Char. Of all on the earths face most miserable,
Breath in this hellish dungeon thy laments:
Thus like a slave ragg'd, like a fellow-gu'd,
That hurles thee headlong to this base estate.
Oh vnkinde Vncle! Oh my friends ingrate.
Vnthankfull Kinsmen: *Mountfords* all too base,
To let thy name be fetter'd in disgrace.
A thousand deaths heere in this graue I dye;
Feare, hunger, sorrow, cold, all threat my death,
And ioyne together to deprive my breath.
But that which most torments me, my deere Sister
Hath left to visit me, and from my friends
Hath brought no hopefull answer: therefore I
Diuine they will not helpe my misery.
If it be so, shame, scandall, and contempt
Attend their couetous thoughts. Need make their graues;
Vsurers they liue, and may they dye like slaves.

'Enter Keeper.

Keep. Knight, be of comfort, for I bring thee freedom
From all thy troubles.

Char. Then I am doom'd to die;
Death is the end of all calamity.

Keep. Liue, your appeale is staide; the execution
Of all your debts discharg'd: your Creditors
Euen to the vtmost peny satisfied.
In signe whereof, your shackles I knocke off;
You are not left so much indebted to vs
As for your fees; all is discharg'd, all paid:
Go freely to your house, or where you please,
After long miseries, embrace your ease.

Char. Thou grumblest out the sweetest musick to me

F

Thar

A Woman

That euer Organ playd: Is this a dreame?
Or do my waking senses apprehend
The pleasing taste of these applausiue newes?
Slave that I was to wrong such honest friends;
My louing Kinsmen, and my neere Allies:
Tongue I will bite thee for the scandall breath
Against such faithfull Kinsmen: they are all
Composd of pittie and compassion;
Of melting charity, and of mouing ruth.
That which I spake before was in my rage,
They are my friends, the mirrouts of this age:
Bounteous and free. The Noble Mountfords race,
Nere bred a couetous thought, or humor base.

Enter Susan.

Susan I can no longer stay from visiting
My wofull Brother: while I could I kept
My haplesse tidings from his hopefull care.

Char. Sister, how much am I indebted to thee
And to thy travell?

Susan What, at liberty?

Char: Thou seest I am thanks to thy industry:
Oh vnto which of all my curteous friends
Am I thus bound: My vncke Mountford he
Euen of an infant lou'd me, was it he?
So did my cozen Tydy: was it he?
So master Roder, master Sandy too,
Which of all these did this bie kindnesse doe.

Susan Charles can you mocke me in your pouerty,
Knowing your friends deride your misery;
Now I protest I stand so much amaz'd
To see your bonds free, and your Irons knock'd off,
That I am wrapt into a maze of wonder.

kild with Kindnesse.

29

The rather for I know not by what meanes
This happinesse hath chanc'd.

Char. VVhy by my Vncle,
My cozens, and my friends; who else I pray
VVould take vpon them all my debts to pay?

Susan O Brother, they are men all of Flint,
Pictures of Marble, and as void of pittie
As chaced Beares: I begg'd, I sued, I kneel'd,
Laide open all your greefes and miseries,
VVhich they derided. More then that, denide vs
A part in their alliance; but in pride
Said that our Kindred with our plenty dyde.

Char. Drudges too much, what did they: oh known euil;
Rich flye the poore, as good men shun the deuill:
VVhence should my freedome come? Of whom aliuie,
Sauing of those haue I deserued so well?
Gesse Sister, call to minde, remember me:
These I haue rais'd, they follow the worlds guise;
VVhom rich in honor, they in woe despise.

Susan My wits haue lost themselues, lets ask the keeper
Charles Iaylor.

Keeper At hand sir.

Charles Of curtesie resolue me one demand.
VVhat was he tooke the burthen of my debts
From off my backe, staide my appeale to death,
Discharg'd my fees, and brought me liberty?

Keeper A curteous knight, and call'd sir Francis Aeton
Charles Ha, Aeton. Oh me, more distrest in this
Then all my troubles: hale me backe,
Double my Irons: and my sparing Meales
Put into halues, and lodge mee in a dungeon
More deepe, more darke, more cold, more comfortlesse:
By Aeton freed, not all thy manacles

F a

Could

A Woman

Could fetter so my heeles, as this one word
Hath thrall'd my heart, and it must now lye bound.
In more strict prison then thy stony layle.
I am not free, I go but vnder baile.

Keeper. My charge is done sir, now I haue my fees;
As we get little, we will nothing leese.

Char. By Aſton freed, my dangerous opposite,
Why to what end? Or what occasion? Ha.
Let me forget the name of enemy,
And with indifference ballance this hie fauour: Ha.

Susan. His loue to me, vpon my soule 'tis so;
That is the root from whence these strange things grow.

Char. Had this proceeded from my Father, he
That by the law of Nature is most bound
In offices of loue, it had deseru'd
My best employment to requite that grace.
Had it proceeded from my friends, or him,
From them this action had deseru'd my life;
And from a stranger more, because from such
There is lesse execution of good deeds.
But he, nor Father, nor Ally, nor Friend,
More then a stranger, both remote in blood,
And in his heart oppos'd my enemy,
That this hie bounty should proceede from him.
O there I loose my selfe: What should I say?
What thinke? what do? his bounty to repay?

Sus. You wonder I am sure whence this strange kind-
neſſe proceeds in Aſton. I will tell you Brother:
He dotes on me, and oft hath sent me gifts,
Letters, and Tokens, I refus'd them all.

Char. I haue enough, though poore, my heart is set,
In one rich gift to pay backe all my debt. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Frankford and Nicke with Keyes, and
a letter in his hand.* *Frank.*

49

Kilde with Kindnesse.

Fran. This is the night, that I must play my part
To try two seeming Angels: where's my keyes?

Nick. They are made according to your mold in wax,
I bad the smith be secret, gaue him money,
And heere they are. The Letter sir.

Fran. True, take it, there it is;
And when thou seest me in my pleasants vaine
Ready to sit to supper, bring it me.

Nic. Ile do't, make no more question but Ile do't. *Exit*

Enter Mistris Frankford, Cranwell, Wendoll, and Ienkin.

Anne. Sirra, tis fixe a clocke already stroke,
Go bid them spred the cloth and serue in supper.

Ien. It shall be done forsooth. Mistris wheres Spiggot
the Butler to giue vs our salt and Trenchers.

Wend. We that haue bene a hunting all the day,
Come with prepared stomackes master Frankford;
We wish'd you at our sport.

Fran. My hart was with you, and my mind was on you.
Fie master Cranwell you are still thus sad:
A stoole, a stoole; where's Ienkin, and where's Nicke?
Tis supper time at least an houre ago;
What's the best newes abroad?

wend. I know none good.

Fran. But I know too much bad.

Enter Butler and Ienkin with a Table-cloth, Bread, Trenchers and salt.

Cran. Methinkes sir, you might haue that interest
In your wiues Brother, to be more remisse
In his hard dealing against poore Sir Charles,
Who (as I heare) lies in Yorke Castle
Needy, and in great want.

A Woman

Fran. Did not more weighty businesse of mine owne
Hold me away, I would haue labour'd peace
Betwixt them with all care, indeede I would sir.

Anne Ile write vnto my brother earnestly
In that behalfe.

wendol A charitable deede,
And will beget the good opinion
Of all your friends that loue you Mistris Frankford.

Fran. That's you for one, I know you loue sir Charles,
And my wife too well.

wendol He deserues the loue
Of all true Gentlemen; be your selues iudge.

Fran. But supper ho : Now as thou lou'st me VVendoll
VVhich I am sure thou dost, be merry, pleasant,
And frolicke it to night : Sweet master Cranwell
Do you the like. VVife, I protest my heart
was nere more bent on sweet alacrity:
where be those lazy knaues to serue in Supper?

Enter Nicke.

Nicke Here's a Letter sir.

Fran. VVhence come's it? and who brought it?

Nicke A stripling that below attends your answer,
And as he tels me it is sent from Yorke.

Fran. Haue him into the seller, let him taste a cuppe of
our March Beere: Go, make him drinke.

Nick Ile make him drunke if he be a Troian.

Fran. My Boots and spurs: wheres Ienkin? God forgiue
me, how I neglect my businesse: wife looke here;
I haue a matter to be tride to morrow
By eight a clocke; and my Attorney writes me
I must be there betimes with euidence.
Or it will go against me: where's my bootes?

Enter

Kilde with Kindnesse.

Enter Jenkin with boots and spurs.

Anne I hope your businesse craues no such dispatch
That you must ride to night.

wend I hope it doth.

Fran. Gods me, no such dispatch :

Jenkin my boots: where's Nicke ? Saddle my Roan,
And the gray dapple for himselfe : Content ye,
It much concernes me. Gentle Master Cranwell,
And Master Wendoll, in my absence vse
The very ripest pleasures of my house.

wendol Lord, master Frankford will you ride to night?
The wayes are dangerous.

Fran. Therefore will I ride
Appointed well ; and so shall Nicke my man.

Anne Ile call you vp by five a clocke to morrow.

Fran. No by my faith wife, Ile not trust to that,
Tis not such easie rising in a morning
From one I loue so deereley : No by my faith,
I shall not leaue so sweet a bed-fellow
But with much paine : you haue made me a sluggard
Since I first knew you.

Anne Then if you needs will goe
This dangerous euening: Master Wendoll
Let me intreate you beare him company.

wen. VVith all my heart sweet mistris: My boots there ?

Fran. Fie, fie, that for my private businesse
I should disease my friend, and be a trouble
To the whole house: Nicke ?

Nicke Anon sir.

Fran. Bring forth my Gelding, as you loue me fir
Vse no more words: a hand good master Cranwell.

Cran: Sir God be your good speede.

Fran. Goodnight sweet Nan; nay, nay, a kisse and part :

Dissem.

A Woman

Dissembling lips you sute not with my hart. *Exit.*

wen. How busines, time, and houres all gracious proue
And are the furtherers to my new borne loue.
I am husband now in masters Frankfords place,
And must command the house. My pleasure is
We will not sup abroad so publicly,
But in your priuate chamber mistris Frankford.

Anne. O sir, you are too publicke in your Loue,
And master Frankfords wife.

Cran. Might I craue fauour,
I would intreate you I might see my chamber,
I am on the sodaine growne exceeding ill,
And would be spar'd from supper.

wen. Light there ho.
See you want nothing sir; for if you do,
You iniure that good man, and wrong me to.

Cran. I will make bold: good night. *Exit*

wen. How all conspire
To make our bosome sweet, and full intire.
Come Nan, I prethee let vs sup within.

Anne. O what a clog vnto the soule is sin?
We pale offenders are still full of feare;
Euery suspicious eye brings danger neare:
When they whose cleere heart from offence are free,
Dispile report; base scandals do outface,
And stand at meere defiance with disgrace.

wend. Fic, fie, you talke too like a Puritan.

Anne. You haue tempted me to mischief. *M. wendoll:*
I haue done I know not what. VVell, you plead custome;
That which for want of wit I granted erst,
I now must yeelde through feare. Come, come, lets in,
Once ore shooes, we are straight ore head in sinne.

wend. My iſecond ſoule is ioyfull about measure,

kit'd with Kindnesse.

He be profuse in Frankfords richest treasure. . . *Exeunt*

Enter Sisly, Jenkin, and Butler.

Jen. My mistris, and master Wendoll my master, sup in her chamber to night, *Sisly* you are preferr'd from being the Cooke to be chamber-maid, of all the loues betwixt thee and me, tell me what thou thinkst of this.

Sisly. Mum, there's an old prouerbe, when the Cats away, the Mouse may play.

Jen. Now you talke of a Cat, *Sisly* I smell a Rat.

Sisly. Good words Jenkin, lest you be call'd to answere them.

Jen. Why God make my mistris an honest woman, are not these good wordes? Pray God my new maister play not the Knaue with my old master, is there any hurt in this? God send no villany intended; and if they doe sup together, pray God they doe not lye together. God make my mistris chaste, and make vs all his seruants: what harme is there in all this? Nay more, heere is my hand thou shalt neuer haue my heart vnlesse thou say Amen.

Sisly. Amen I pray God I say.

Enter Seruingmen.

Ser. My mistris sends that you shold make lesse noife, to locke vp the doores, and see the housholde all got to bed: you Jenkin for this night are made the Porter to see the gates shut in.

Jen. Thus by little and little I creepe into office. Come to kennell my masters to kennell, tis eleuen a clocke already.

Ser. When you haue lockt the gates in, you must send vp the keyes to my mistris.

Sisly. Quickly for Gods sake Jenkin, for I must carrie them: I am neither pillow nor boulder, but I know more then

A Woman

then both.

Ien. To bed good Spiggot, to bed good honest seruing creatures, and let vs sleepe as snug as pigs in peasestraw.

Exeunt.

Enter Frankford and Nicke.

Fran. Soft, soft; wee haue tied your geldings to a tree two sight shoot off, lest by their thundering hootes they blab our comming. Hearst thou no noise?

Nic. I heare nothing but the Owle and you.

Fran. So: now my watches hand points vpon twelue, And it is iust midnight: where are my keyes?

Nic. Heere sir.

Fran. This is the key that opes my outward gate;
This the Hall doore; this the withdrawing chamber:
But this, that doore that's bawd vnto my shame:
Fountaine and spring of all my bleeding thoughts,
VWhere the most hallowed order and true knot
Of Nuptiall sanctity hath bene prophan'd;
It leads to my polluted bed-chamber,
Once my Terrestriall heauen, now my earths hell,
The place where sins in all their ripenesse dwell.
But I forget my selfe, now to my gate.

Nic. It must ope with far lesse noise then Cripple-gate,
or your plot's dash'd.

Fran. So reach me my darke Lanthorne to the rest;
Tread softly, softly.

Nic. I will walke on Egges this pace.

Fran. A generall silence hath surpriz'd the house,
And this is the last doore. Astonishment,
Feare, and amazement beate vpon my heart,
Euen as a madman beats vpon a drum:
O keepe my eyes you heauens before I enter,
From any sight that may transfix my soule:

Or

kild with Kindnesse.

47

Or if there be so blacke a spectacle,
Oh strike mine eyes starke blind. Or if not so,
Lend me such patience to digest my greefe,
That I may keepe this white and virgin hand,
From any violent outrage, or red murther,
And with that prayer I enter.

Nic. Here's a circumstance indeed, a man may be made
a Cuckold in the time he's about it. And the case were
mine as tis my Masters, sblood that he makes me swere,
I would have plac'd his action, enter'd there;
I would, I would.

Fran. Oh, oh.

Nic. Master, sblood master, master.

Fran. Oh me vnhappy, I haue found them lying
Close in each other armes, and fast asleepe.
But that I would not damne two precious soules
Bought with my Sauours blood, and send them laden
With all their scarlet sinnes vpon their backs,
Vnto a fearfull iudgement, their two liues
Had met vpon my rapier.

Nic. Master what haue you left them sleeping still?
Let me go wake em.

Fran. Stay, let me pause awhile.

O God, O God, that it were possible
To vndo things done; to call backe yesterday:
That time could turne vp his swift sandy glasse,
To vntell the dayes, and to redeeme these houres.
Or that the Sunne
Could rising from the west draw his coach backward;
Take from th' account of time so many minutes,
Til he had all these seasons call'd againe.
Those minutes, and those actions done in them,
Euen from her first offence; that I might take her

A Woman

As spotlesse as an Angell in my armes.
But oh, I talke of things impossible,
And cast beyond the moone. God giue me patience
For I will in and wake them. *Exit.*

Nick. Here's patience perforce,
He needs must trot a foot that tires his horse.

*Enter Wendol running over the stage in a Night-gowne, hee
after him with his sword drawne, she maide in her smocke
kisses his hand, and clasps hold on him. Hee pauses for a
while.*

Fran. I thanke thee maide, thou like an Angelles hand,
Hast stayd me from a bloody sacrifice.
Go villen, and my wrongs sit on thy soule
As heauy as this greefe doth vpon mine.
When thou recordst my many curtesies,
And shall compare them with thy treacherous heart,
Lay them together, weigh them equally,
'Twill be reuenge enough. Go, to thy friend
A Iudas; pray, pray, lest I liue to see
Thee Iudas-like hang'd on an Elder-tree.

*Enter Mistris Frankford in her smocke, Night-
gowne, and night attire.*

Anne. O by what word? what title? or what name
Shall I intreate your pardon? Pardon: Oh
I am as farre from hoping such sweete grace
As Lucifer from heaven. To call you Husband;
(O me most wretched) I haue lost that name,
I am no more your wife.

Nick. Sblood sit the sounds.

Fran. Spare thou thy teares, for I will weepe for thee;
And keepe thy count'nance, for Ile blush for thee:
Now I protest I thinke tis I am rained,

For

Kilde wiib Kindneße.

For I am most aſham'd, and tis more hard
For me to looke vpon thy guilty face,
Then on the ſuns cleere brow:
What wouldſt thou ſpeake?

Anne. I would I had no tongue, no cares, no eyes,
No apprehenſion, no capacity.
When do you ſpurne me like a dog? when tread me
Vnder feete? when drag me by the haire?
Though I deſerue a thouſand thouſand folde
More then you can inflict: yet once my husband,
For woman-hood to which I am aſham'd,
Though once an ornament: Euen for his ſake
Thathath redeem'd our ſoules, marke not my face,
Nor hacke me with your ſword: but let me go
Perſect and vndeformed to my Tombe.
I am not worthy that I ſhould preuaile
In the leaſt ſuite; no, not to ſpeake to you,
Nor looke on you, nor to be in your preſence.
Yet as an abieſt this one ſine I craue,
This granted I am ready for my graue.

Fran. My God with patience arme me: riſe, nay riſe,
And Ile debate with thee: Was it for want
Thou plaidſt the ſtrumpet? Waſt thou not ſupplide
With euery pleaſure, faſhion, and new toy,
Nay euen beyond my calling?

Anne. I was.

Fran. Was it then diſability in me?
Or in thine eye ſeem'd he a properer man?

Anne. O no.

Fran. Did not I lodge thee in my boſome?
Weare thee in my heart?

Anne. You did.

Fran. I did indeede; witneſſe my teares I did.

A Woman

Go bring my infants hither. O Nan, O Nan;
 If neither feare of shame, regard of honor,
 The blemish of my house, nor my detre lone
 Could haue with held thee from so lewd a fact:
 Yet for these infants, these yong harmlesse soules,
 On whose white browes thy shame is charracter'd,
 And growes in greatnesse as they wax in yeeres;
 Looke but on them, and melt away in teares.
 Away with them; lest as her spotted body
 Hath stain'd their names with stripe of bastardy,
 So her adulterous breath may blast their spirirs
 VVith her infectious thoughts. Away with them.

Anne. In this one life I dye ten thousand deaths.

Fran. Stand vp, stand vp, I will do nothing rashly:
 I wil retire awhile into my study,
 And thou shalt heare thy sentence presently. Exit.

Anne. Tis welcome be it death. O mee base strumpet,
 That hauing such a husband, such sweete children,
 Must inioy neither: oh to redeeme mine honor,
 I would haue this hand cut off, these my breasts fear'd,
 Be rack'd, strappado'd, put to any torment:
 Nay, to whip but this scandall out, I would hazard
 The rich & deere redemption of my soule,
 He cannot be so base as to forgive me;
 Nor I so shamelesse to accept his pardon.
 O women, women, you that yet haue kept
 Your holy Matrimoniall Vow vnstain'd,
 Make me your instance, when you tred awry,
 Your finnes like mine will on your conscience ly.

*Enter Sissy, Spigot, all the Seruingmen, and Ien-
 kin, as newly come out of Bed.*

All. O Mistris, Mistris, what haue you done Mistris?

Nicke

Kilde with Kindnesse.

51

Nie. VVhat a Catterwauling keepe you heere.

Ien. O Lord Mistris, how comes this to passe, my Master is run away in his shirt, & neuer so much as calld me to bring his clothes after him.

Anne. See what guilt is, heere stand I in this place, As Ham'd to looke my seruants in the face.

Enter M. Frankford and Cranwell; whom seeing she falls on her knees.

Fran. My words are registred in heauen already, VVith patience heare me. Ile not martyr thee, Nor marke thee for a strumpet; but with vsage Of more humility torment thy soule, And kill thee euen with kindnesse.

Cran. M. Frankford.

Fran. Good M. Cranwel. Woman hear thy iudgment Go make thee ready in thy best Attire; Take with thee all thy gownes, all thy Apparrell, Leauē nothing that did euer call thee Mistris, Or by whose sight being left heere in the house I may remember such a woman by. Choose thee a bed & hangings for thy chamber; Take with thee every thing which hath thy marke; And get thee to my Mannor seuen mile off: Where liue, 'tis thine, I freely giue it thee. My Tennants by shall furnish thee with waines To carry all thy stufte within two houres; No longer wil I limit thee my sight. Choose which of all my seruants thou lik'st best, And they are thine to attend thee.

Anne. A milde sentence.

Fran. But as thou hop'st for heauen, as thou beleeu'st Thy name's recorded in the booke of life.

I.

A Woman

I charge thee neuer after this sad day
To see me, or to meete me, or to send
By word, or writing, gift, or otherwise
To moue me, by thy selfe, or by thy friends;
Nor challenge any part in my two children.
So farwell Nan; for we will henceforth be
As we had neuer seene, nere more shall see.

Anne. How full my heart is, in mine eies appeares;
VWhat wants in words, I will supply in teares.

Fra. Come take your coach, your stuffe; al must along;
Seruants and all make readie, all be gone,
It was thy hand cut two hearts out of one.

*Enter Sir Charles Gentleman-like, and his
Sister Gentlewoman-like.*

Susan. Brother, why haue you trick'd me like a Bride?
Bought me this gay attire, these ornaments?
Forget you our estate, our pouertie?

Char. Call me not brother, but imagine mee
Some barbarous Out-law, or vnciuill Keme:
For if thou shutst thy eie, and onely hearst
The words that I shall vtter, thou shalt iudge me
Some staring Ruffian, not thy Brother Charles.
O Sister:

Susan. O Brother, what doth this strange Language
meane?

Char. Dost loue me Sister? wouldst thou see mee liue
A Bankrout begger in the worlds disgrace,
And die indebted to mine enemies?
VWouldst thou behold me stand like a huge beame
In the worlds eie, a by-word and a scorn?
It lies in thee of these to acquit me free,
And all my debt I may out-strip by thee.

Susan.

kild with Kindnesse.

53

Susan. By me: why I haue nothing, nothing left;
I owe euen for the clothes vpon my backe;
I am not worth

Char. O Sister say not so,
It lies in you my downe-cast state to raise;
To make me stand on euen points with the world;
Come Sister, you are rich; indeede you are;
And in your powre you haue without delay,
Actons five hundred pound backe to repay.

Sus. Til now I had thought they had lou'd me. By my honor
(Which I haue kept as spotlesse as the Moone)
I ne're was mistress of that single doite
Which I referu'd not to supply your wants:

And de'ye thinke that I would hoord from you?
Now by my hopes in heauen, knew I the meanes
To buy you from the slavery of your debts
(Especially from Acton whom I hate)
I would redeeme in with my life or blood.

Char. I challenge it, and kindred for apart;
Thus (Ruffian-like) I lay siege to thy hart.
What do I owe to Acton?

Sus. Why some five hundred pounds,
Towards which I sweare,
In all the world I haue not one denare.

Cha. It will not proue so. Sister now resolue me,
What do you thinke (and speake your conscience)
Would Acton giue might be inioy your bed?

Susan. He would not shrink to spend a thousand
pound,
To giue the Mountford name so deepe a wound.

Char. A thousand pounds I haue five hundred owe,
Grant him your bed, he's payd with interest so.

Sus. O Brother.

H

Char.

A Woman

Char. O Sister, onely this one way,
With that rich Jewell you my debts may pay.
In speaking this my cold heart shakes with shame.
Nor do I woe you in a Brothers name,
But in a strangers. Shall I dye in debt
To *Affen* my grand foe; and you still weare
The precious Jewell that he holds so deare.

Sus. My honor I esteeme as deere and precious
As my redemption.

Char. Esteeme you sister as deare;
For so deare prizing it.

Sus. Will Charles
Haue me cut off my hands and send them
Rip vp my brest; and with my bleeding heart
Present him, as a token.

Char. Neither Sister:
But heare me in my strange assertion.
Thy honor and my saile are equall in my regard;
Nor will thy brother Charles surmount thy shame.

His kindnesse (like a burthen hath surcharged me,
And vnder his good deeds, I stooping, go
Not with an vpright soule. Had I remain'd
In prison still, there doubtlesse I had dyed
Then vnto him that freed me from that prison,
Still do I owe this life. What moou'd my foe
To infranchise me? I was sister for your loue.
VVith full five hundred pounds he bought your loue,
And shall he not enjoy it? Shall the weight
Of all this heauy burthen leane on me,
And wil not you beare part? You did partake
The ioy of my release, will you not stand
In ioynt-bond bound to satisfie the debt?
Shall I be onely charg'd?

kit'd with Kindnesse.

55

Sus. But that I know
These arguments come from an honour'd minde,
As in your most extremity of neede
Scorning to stand in debt to one you hate;
Nay rather would ingage your vnstain'd honor
Then to be held ingrate, I should condemne you.
I see your resolution and assent;
So Charles will haue me, and I am content.

Char. For this I trick'd you vp.

Sus. But heere's a knife,
To saue mine honor, shal slice out my life.

Char. I know thou pleatest me a thousand times
More in thy resolution; then thy grant.
Obserue her loue; to sooth it to my sure;
Her honor she will hazard (though not loose):
To bring me out of debt her rigorous hand
Will pierce her heart. Oh wonder! that wil choose
Rather then staine her blood her life to loose.
Come you sad Sister to a wofull Brother,
This is the gate: Ile beare him such a present,
Such an Acquittance for the Knight to seale,
As wil amaze his senses; and surprize
VVith admiration all his fantasies.

Enter Acton and Malby.

Sus. Before his vncaste thoughts shal seize on mee:
'Tis heere, shall my imprison'd soule set free.

Acton How? Mountford with his sister hand in hand.
What miracle's afoot?

Mal. It is a sight
Begets in me much admiration.

Char. Stand not amaz'd to see me thus attended:
Acton, I owe thee money, and being vnable

A Woman

To bring thee the full summe in ready coine.
Loe for thy more assurance here's a pawning
My Sister, my deere sister, whose chaste honor
I prize above a Million: heere may take her,
Shee's worth your money man, do not forsake her.

Fran. I would be wiser in earnest.

Su. Impute it not to my immodesty,
My Brother being rich in nothing else
But in his interest that he hath in me;
According to his poverty hath brought you
Me, all his store; whom howsoere you prize
As forfeit to your hand, he values highly,
And would not sell but to acquit your debt,
For any Emperors rancome.

Fran. Steepe heart, relent,
Thy former cruelty at length repent.
Was ever knowne in any former age
Such honorable wrested curtesie;
Lands, honors, life, and all the world forgoe,
Rather then stand engag'd to such a foe.

Char. Aton, she is too poore to be thy Bride,
And I too much oppos'd to be thy Brother.
There, take her to thee, if thou hast the heart
To ceize her as a rape or lustfull prey,
To blur our house that never yet was stain'd;
To murder her that never meant thee harme;
To kill me now whom once thou sav'dst from death,
Do them all wrong on her; all these rely
And perish with her spotted chastity.

Fran. You overcome me in your loue sir Charles.
I cannot be so cruell to a Lady
I loue so deere. Since you have not spar'd
To ingage your reputation to the world,

Your

Kilde mit Kindeße.

57

Your sisters honor which you prize so deere,
Nay all the comfort which you hold on earth
To grow out of my debt being your foe,
Your honor'd thoughts be thus I recompence.
Your metamorphid foe receiues your gift
In satisfaction of all former wrongs.
This I will weare heere in my heart:
And where before I thought her for her wants
Too base to be my Bride: to end all strife,
I scale you my deere Brother, her my wife.

Susan. You still exceede vs, I will yeeld to fate,
And learne to loue, where I till now did hate.

Char. With that enchantment you haue charm'd my
soule,
And made me rich euen in those very words;
I pay no debt but am indebted more,
Rich in your loue I neuer can be pore.

Fran. Al's mine is yours, we are alike in state,
Let's knit in loue what was oppos'd in hate.
Come, for our Nuptials we will straight prouide,
Blest onely in our Brother and faire Bride.

Enter Cranwel, Frankford, and Nicke.

Cra. Why do you seatch each room about your house:
Now that you haue dispatch'd your wife away?

Fran. O sir, to see that nothing may be left
That euer was my wifes: I lou'd her deertly,
And when I do but thinke of her vnkindnesse,
My thoughts are all in Hell, to auoide which torments,
I would not haue a Bodkin or a Cusse,
A Bracelet, Necklace, or Rebato wies,
Nor any thing that euer was call'd hers,
Left me, by which I might remember her,

of a Woman obliuious

Seeke round about, using voy don't know what it is
Nicke. Sblood master, here's her Lute hung in a corner.

Fran. Her Lute: Oh God, upon this instrument
 Her fingers haue ran quicke diuision,
 Sweeter then that which now diuides our hearts.
 These frets haue made me pleasant, that haue now
 Frets of my heart-strings made. O master Cranwel,
 Oft hath she made this melancholly wood
 (Now mute and dumbe for her disastrous chance)
 Speake sweetly many a note; found many a straine
 To her owne ratiuing voice, which being well strung;
 VVhat pleasant strange aires haue they ioynly rung?
 Post with it after her: now nothing's left;
 Of her and her's I am at once bereft.

Nic. Ile ride and ouer-take her; do my message
 And come backe againe.

Cran. Meane time sir, if you please
 Ile to sir *Francis Allou*, and informe him
 Of what hath past betwixt you and his sister.

Fran. Do as you please: how ill am I bested,
 To be a widdower ere my wife be dead.

*Enter mistress Frankford, with Ienkin her maide Sissy, her
 Coach-man, and three Carters.*

Anne. Bid my Coach stay: why should I ride in state,
 Being hurl'd so low downe by the hand of fate?
 A seat like to my fortunes let me haue;
 Earth for my chaire, and for my bed a graue.

Ienk. Comfort good mistris; you haue watered your
 Coach with teares already: you haue but two mile now
 to goe to your Mannot. A man cannot saie by my olde
 master Frankford as he may say by me, that hee wantes

Man-

Kilde with Kindnesse.

9

Mannors, for he hath three or foures, of which this is one
that we are going to now.

Sissy Good mistris be of good cheere; sorrow you see
hurts you, but helps you not: we all mourne to see you
so sad.

Carter. Mistris I see some of my Landlords men
Come riding past; tis like he brings some newes.

Anne. Comes he from Mr. Frankford he is welcme,
So is his newes because they come from him.

Enter Nicke.

Nick. There.

Anne. I know the Lute; oft haue I sung to thee
We both are out of tune, both out of time.

Nic. Would that had beene the worst instrument that
ere you played on. My master commends him vnto ye;
there's all he can finde that was euer yours: he hath no-
thing left that euer you could lay claime to but his owne
heart, and he could afford you that. All that I haue to
deliuer you is this; He prayes you to forget him, and so
he bids yon farwell.

Anne. I thanke him; he is kinde, and euer was.
All you that haue true feeling of my greefe,
That know my losse, and haue relenting hearts,
Gird me about; and helpe me with your teares
To wash my spotted finnes: my Lute shall grone;
It cannot weepe, but shall lament my mone.

Enter Wendell.

Pursu'd with horror of a guilty soule,
And with the sharpe scourge of repentance lash'd,
I flye from mine owne shadow. O my starres!

What

And I know him shil X
What haue my Parents in their blindnesse said,
That you should lay this penance on your sonne
When I but thinke of master Frankfords loue,
And lay it to my treason, or compare
My murdering him for his releuing me,
It strikes a ret or like a Lightninge flash
To scorch my blood vp. Thus I like the Owle
Asham'd of day, liue in these shadowy woods,
Affraid of euery lease or murmuring blast,
Yet longing to receiue some perfect knowledge
How he hath dealt with her. Oh my sad fate,
Heere, and so farre from home, and thus attended.
Oh God, I haue diuorc'd the truest Turtles
That euer liu'd together, and being diuided
In seuerall places, make their seuerall moe,
She in the fields laments, and he at home.
So Poets write that Orpheus made the Trees
And stones to dance, to his melodious Harpe,
Meaning the Rusticke and the barbarous Hinds,
That had no vnderstanding part in them:
So she from these rude Carters teares extracts,
Making their stony hearts with greefe to rise,
And draw downe Rivers from their Rocky eyes.

Annc. If you returne vnto my master say
(Though not from me, for I am all vnworthy
To blast his name so with a strumpets tongue)
That you haue scene we weepe, with my selfe dead
Nay, you may say to (for my vow is past)
Last night you saw me eate and drinke my last.
This to your master you may say and sweare;
For it is writ in heauen, and decreed heere.

Nic. He say you wept: He sweare you made me sad.
Why how now eyes? what now? what's heere to do?

kill'd with Kindnesse.

I'me gone, or I shall strait turne baby to.

wend. I cannot weepe, my heart is all on fire;
Curst be the fruites of my vnchaste desire.

Anne. Go breake this Lute vpon my coaches wheele,
As the last Musicke that I ere shall make;
Not as my husbands gift, but my farwell
To all earths ioy; and so your master tell.

Nick. If I can for crying.
wend. Greefe haue done,
Or like a mad-man I shall franticke runne.

Anne. You haue beheld the wofull st wretch on earth;
A woman made of teares: would you had words
To expresse but what you see. My inward greefe
No tongue can vtter: yet vnto your power
You may describe my sorrow, and disclose
To thy sad master my abundant woes.

Nic. Ile do your commendations.

Anne. O no:

I dare not so presume; nor to my children;
I am disclaim'd in both; alas I am:
O neuer teach them when they come to speake,
To name the name of Mother: chide their tongue
If they by chance light on that hated word;
Tell them 'tis nought: For when that word they name,
(Poore pretty soules) they harpe on their owne shame.

wend. To recompence her wrongs, what canst thou do?
Thou hast made her husbandlesse, and childlesse to.

Anne. I haue no more to say. Speake not for me,
Yet you may tell your master what you see.

Nic. Ile doo't. *Exit.*

wend. Ile speake to her, and comfort her in greefe.

Oh but her wound cannot be cur'd with words:
No matter though, Ile do my best good will

A Woman

To worke a cure on her whom I did kill.

Anne. So, now vnto my Coach, then to my home,
So to my death-bed; for from this sad houre,
I neuer will nor eate, nor drinke, nor taste
Of any Cates that may preserue my life:
I neuer will nor smile, nor sleepe, nor rest.
But when my teares haue wash'd my blacke soule white,
Sweet Sauour to thy hands I yeeld my spire.

wend. O mistris Frankford.

Anne. O for Gods sake flye;
The deuill doth come to tempt me ere I dye.
My coach: This sinne that with an Angels face
Coniur'd mine honor, till he sought my wracke,
In my repentant eye seemes vgly blacke.

Exeunt all, the Carters whistling.

Jen. What my yong master that fled in his shirt, how
come you by your clothes againe? You haue made our
house in a sweet pickle, ha'ye not thinke you? What shall
I serue you still, or cleaue to the old house?

wend. Hence slaue, away with thy vnseason'd mirth;
Vnlesse thou canst shed teares, and sigh, and howle,
Curse thy sad fortunes, and exclaime on fate,
Thou art not for my turne.

Jen. Marry and you will not, another will: farwell and
be hang'd, would you had neuer come to haue kept this
quoile within our doores, we shall ha you run away like a
spright againe.

wend. Shee's gone to death, I liue to want and woe;
Her life, her sinnes, and all vpon my head.
And I must now go wander like a Caine
In forraigne Countries and remoted climes,
Where the report of my ingratitude
Cannot be heard. He ouer first to France.

And

kill'd with Kindnesse.

63

And so to Germany and Italy;
Where when I haue recouered, and by travell
Gotten those perfect tongues, and that these rumors
May in their heighth abate, I will returne:
And I diuine (how euer now deiceted)
My worth and parts being by some great man praisd,
At my returne I may in Court be raisd. *Exit*

Enter sir Francis, sir Charles, Cranwel, and Susan.

Fran. Brother and now my wife, I thinke these troubles
Fall on my head by iustice of the heauens,
For being so strict to you in your extremities:
But we are now atton'd. I would my sister
Could with like happinesse orecome her griefes
As we haue ours.

Susan. You tell vs master Cranwel wondrous things,
Touching the patience of that Gentleman,
With what strange vertue he demeanes his griefe.

Cran. I told you what I was witnessse of,
It was my fortune to lodge there that night.

Fran. O that same villen Wendoll, 't'was his tongue
That did corrupt her, she was of her selfe
Chast and deuoted well. Is this the house?

Cran. Yes sir, I take it heere your sister lies.

Fran. My Brother Frankford shew'd too milde a spirit
In the reuenge of such a loathed crime;
Lesse then he did, no man of spirit could do:
I am so farre from blaming his reuenge
That I commend it. Had it bin my case
Their soules at once had from their breasts bene freed,
Death to such deeds of shame is the due meed.

Enter Ienkin.

Ien. O my mistris, mistris, my poore mistris.

Sissy. Alas that euer I was borne, what shal I do for my
poore mistris.

12

Charles

A Woman

Char. Why, what of her?

Jen. O Lord sir, she no sooner heard that her Brother and his friends were come to see how shee did, but shee for very shame of her guilty conscience, fell into such a swoond, that we had much ado to get life in her.

Sus. Alas that she should beare so hard a fate,
Pitty it is repentance comes too late.

Acton. Is she so weake in body?

Jen. O sir, I can assure you ther's no hope of life in hir, for she will take no sust'nance: she hath plainly staru'd hir selfe, and now shee's as leane as a Lath. She euer looks for the good houre: many Gentlemen and Gentlewomen of the countrey are come to comfort her.

Enter Mistris Frankesford in her bed.

Mal. How fare you mistris Frankford?

Anne. Sicke, sicke, oh sicke: Giue me some aire. I pray Tell me, oh tell me, where's master Frankford?
Will not deigne to see me ere I die?

Mal. Yes mistris Frankford: diuers Gentlemen Your louing neighbors, with that iust request Haue moou'd and told him of your weake estate: Who though with much ado to get beleefe, Examining of the generall circumstance, Seeing your sorrow and your penitence, And hearing therewithall the great desire You haue to see him ere you left the world, He gaue to vs his faith to follow vs, And sure he will be heere immediately.

An. You haue half reuiu'd me with the pleasing newes;
Raife me a little higher in my bed.
Blush I not Brother Acton? Blush I not sir Charles?
Can you not reade my fault writ in my cheeke?
Is not my crime there, tell me Gentlemen?

Charles

Kilde with Kindnesse.

65

Char. Alas good mistris, sicknesse hath not left you
Bloud in your face enough to make you blush.

Anne. Then sicknesse like a friend my fault wold hide.
Is my husband come? My soule but taries
His arriue, then I am fit for heauen.

Acton. I came to chide you, but my words of hate
Are turn'd to pittie and compafsionate greefe.
I came to rate you, but my braules you see
Melt into teares, and I must weepe by thee.
Heres M. Frankford now.

Enter Frankford.

Fran. Good morrow Brother; morrow Gentlemen:
God that hath laid this crosse vpon our heads,
Might (had he pleas'd) haue made our cause of meeting
On a more faire and more contented ground:
But he that made vs, made vs to this woe.

Anne. And is he come? Me thinkes that voice I know.

Fran. How do you woman?

Anne. Well M. Frankford well, but shall be better
I hope within this houre. Will you vouchsafe
(Out of your grace, and your humanity)
To take a spotted strumpet by the hand?

Fran. This hand once held my heart in faster bonds
Then now 'tis grip'd by me. God pardon them
That made vs first breake hold.

Anne. Amen, amen.
Out of my zeale to heauen, whether I'me now bound,
I was so impudent to wish you heere;
And once more begge your pardon. Oh (good man)
And father to my children, pardon me.
Pardon, O pardon me: my fault so heynous is,
That if you in this world forgive it not,
Heauen will not cleere it in the world to come.

A Woman

Faintnesse hath so vsurp'd vpon my knees
That kneele I cannot : But on my hearts knees
My prostrate soule lies throwne downe at your feet
To beg your gracious pardon : Pardon, O pardon me.

Frank. As freely from the low depth of my soule
As my Redeemer hath forgien his death.
I pardon thee ; I will shed teares for thee,
Pray with thee ; and in meere pity of thy weake estate,
Ile wish to dye with thee.

All. So do we all.

Nick. So will not I,
Ile sigh and sob, but by my faith not dye.

Acton. O master Frankford, all the neere alliance
I loose by her, shall be supply'd in thee ;
You are my Brother by the neere way,
Her kindred hath fallen off, but yours doth stay.

Frank. Euen as I hope for pardon at that day,
When the great Iudge of heauen in scarlet sits,
Sobethou pardon'd. Though thy rash offence
Diuorc'd our bodies, thy repentant teares
Vnite our soules.

Char. Then comfort mistris Frankford,
You see your husband hath forgien your fall ;
Then rouze your spirits, and cheere your fainting soule ?

Susan. How is it with you ?

Acton. How de'ye feele your selfe ?

Anne. Not of this world.

Frank. I see you are not, and I weepe to see it.
My Wife, the Mother to my pretty babes ;
Both those lost names I do restore thee backe,
And with this kisse I wed thee once againe :
Though thou art wounded in thy honour'd name,
And with that greefe vpon thy death-bed lyes,

Honest

Kilde with Kindnesse.

67

Honest in heart, vpon my soule thou dyest.

Anne. Pardon'd on earth, soule thou in heauen art free,
Once more thy wife, dies thus embracing thee.

Fran. New married, and new widdow'd; oh she's dead,
And a cold graue must be her Nuptiall bed.

Char. Sir be of good comfort; and your heauy sorrow
Part equally amongst vs: stormes diuided.

Abate their force, and with lesse rage are guided.


Cran. Do master Frankford; he that hath least part,
Will finde enough to drowne one troubled hart.

Acton. Peace with thee Nan. Brothers and Gentlemen,
(All we that can plead interest in her greefe)
Bestow vpon her body funerall teares.

Brother, had you with threats and vsage bad
Punish'd her sinne; the greefe of her offence
Had not with such true sorrow touch'd her heart.

Fran. I see it had not: therefore on her graue
Will I bestow this funerall Epitaph,
Which on her Marble toombe shall be ingrau'd:
In golden Letters shall these words be fill'd;
Heere lyes she whom her Husbands kindnesse kill'd.

FINIS.



The Epilogue.

AN honest Crew, disposed to be merry,
Came to a Tauerne by, and call'd for wine:
The Drawer brought it (smiling like a Cherry)
And told them it was pleasant, neere, and fine.
Tasse it quoth one: He did so; Fie (quoth hee)
This wine was good; now it runs too neere the Lee.

Another spp'd to giue the wine his cue,
And saide vnto the rest it drunke too flat;
The third said, it was olde; The fourth, too new;
Nay quoth the fift, the sharpenesse likes me not.
Thus Gentlemen you see, how in one houre
The wine was new, old, flat, sharpe, sweete, and saure.

Vnto this wine we do allude our play;
Which some will iudge too triuall; some too grane:
You as our Guests we entertaine this day,
And bid you welcome to the best we haue:

Excuse vs then; Good wine may be disgrast,
When euery seuerall mouth hath sundry tast.



